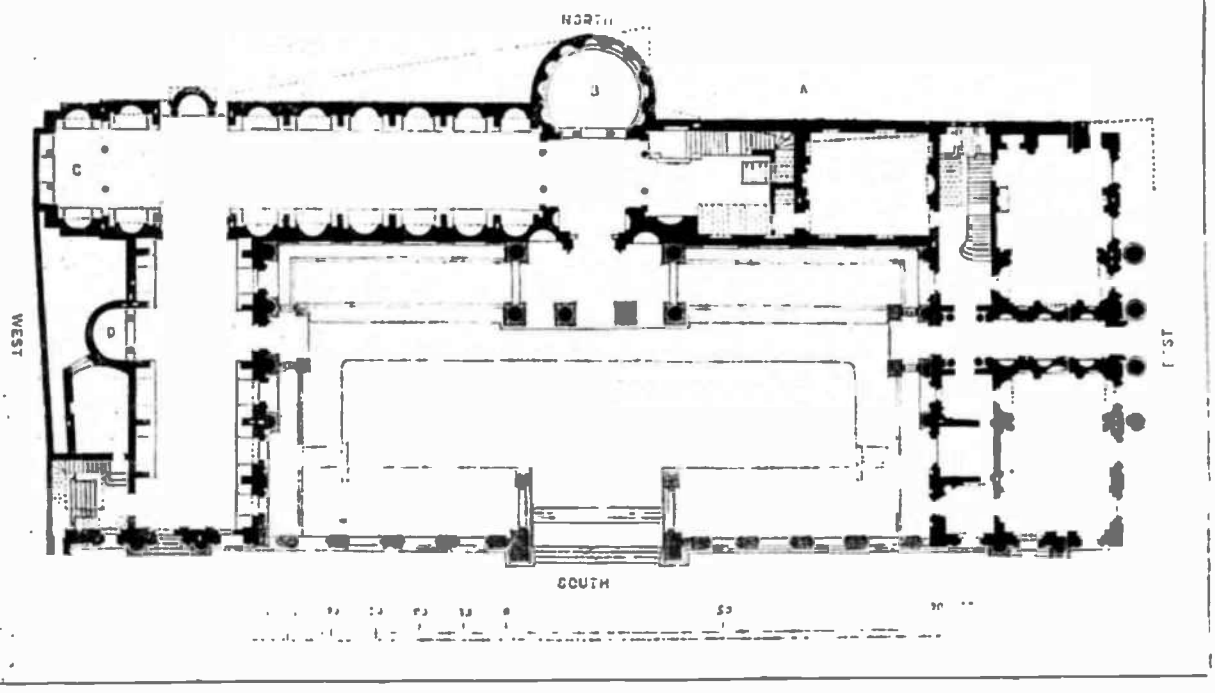
UNIVERSITY GALLERIES AND TAYLOR INSTITUTE, OXFORD—GROUND PLAN.



HOW TO GET DOWN THE DUKE, AND WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.

SIR,—I should not have set myself thus soon to my theory of how to get down the statue from the Arch, and what to do with it, had I not observed in your last week's leader a tone of despondency, as if the sub-committee seemed really likely to triumph over us. We have, I fear, much to do. Therefore let us begin in good time.

A very valuable fellow-labourer in the good cause of advancing rationality—the widening of men's thoughts,—*Punch*, advises that the statue be taken down in time for being used on the coming 9th of November in the Lord Mayor's show, and stored up for use on succeeding occasions, as a means of reviving the now seedy glories of that important pageant.

That "down, unquestionably, it must come" (as you have it), all good men agree. But the Punchine doctrine of what to do with it is not at all so clear. With all its faults and shortcomings, the statue is by no means a worthless thing; and if properly managed it may be made a very grand and worthy ornament indeed to our great metropolis.

Of how to get him down. Lamentable experience has taught us certain lessons in matters like the present. If it should be an easy thing to get down the Duke (that is, to vanquish the sub-committee), well: but if we be wise we will assume it to be a very difficult thing, and act accordingly,—promptly, earnestly, forcibly, and with a will,—a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

First, THE PETITION. Your counsel is good. And might it not be the petition of *Artists?* Thousands of all and sundry would not *tell* so well as hundreds of *Artists alone!* To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, the petition of Architects, Sculptors, and other Artists, who have personally examined the matter, and formed a special opinion upon it!

And additionally, as the "competent persons" who are finally to adjudicate, are doubtless out of town at present (enjoying the summer), and likely to continue so till Parliament assembles, it might be wise (in case of need) to have a companion to the memorial to Royalty, in a petition to Parliament itself—the petition of artists like the other.

Grand and glorious for Art! Is there not something grand and glorious in the thought? It were indeed a noble deceit *to counterfeit a pretence* for so valuable a movement! How much the worthier of our noblest energy, then, to grasp this so valuable an opportunity! with the double incentive, that England expects of every man to do his duty, and that so proud a record and acknowledgment of ART would be gained!

Artists thus having done their part—(although, now, I don't mind wagering a farthing you don't get them to do it!) *Architects* at all events. For we are cautious people,—meek, prudent, unpresuming people; we sit us down upon our little stools by the World's ingleside, and O we are good little boys!—you never hear *our* word,—the best of dear little boys! And auld Granny pats us on the head, —gweed gweed bairnies that sit sae couthie, an' sae canty, an' dinna mak' nae din,—gweedy bairnikies, ye'se get sweeties on Sunda'.—Artists (if it be *possible*) having done their part, we have in this instance the blessedness of being really able to believe, from what has already passed in Parliament on the matter, that the Legislature will readily do theirs. So far, so well.

The sub-committee must do their part,—and not under compulsion, but cheerfully. And here lies the difficulty of how to get him down: for I strongly suspect that if the sub-committee were to act determinedly,—for all the Queen, the Lords, the Commons, the papers, the Artists, Mr. Editor, Professor Cockerell, and Mr. Newleafe, they would gain their point. But their concession must be had; and, as I say, cheerfully. And to accomplish this—to obtain the submission of the sub-committee, I think we must call in the aid of the living Duke himself! (Hear me out, now, before you cry Nonsense.) The good word of the very Duke himself, I say.

Not that he would be wrought upon by the frothy arguments of false delicacy—a supposititious modesty of his in looking out of his front windows; this man is a greater man—a being of bigger soul. But for a better and a likelier reason.

If the sub-committee were *compelled* to the removal of the statue from the Arch, they would feel it more, it seems to me, as a sort of slight upon the hero than a mere over-ruling of their own opinion in a matter of art. They have set it there proudly—on a grand and haughty seat, and to remove it seems like taking it to a less honourable place. *The monument was never meant to be a decoration to the arch.* TO HAVE A TRIUMPHAL ARCH FOR ITS PEDESTAL was a lofty thought! And now to lower it to the mere ground—it seems to tell as if England refused the hero that proud eminence! In the sub-committee defending the statue on the Arch, high-minded men are defending the honour of their living hero. Their pertinacity is not the perseverance of conviction, nor is it the obstinacy of self-will; it is a noble-minded *etiquette*. And all the while they may scorn to tell us so! But the public do not mean it as a slight upon the Duke. And the Duke is not the man to take it as a slight. There are three parties in the case,—the third is the sub-committee, and to assure them, to free them from the shadow of the thought of having compromised their high trust, it really may be necessary that the Duke himself should just put in the quiet word (no more would be needed), Now, *we must* take it down. And if by any code of honour the removal should be declared unmitigably an indignity, then let us remind them of a nobler etiquette, which tells that, however useful and good in its essence, there are cases when mere etiquette may be made to sacrifice much that is far more valuable and good.

The Duke of Wellington is proverbial for a very noble sentiment, the unhesitating surrender of private opinion before public command,—an elevated philosophical application of the military idea Duty. To use personal influence heartily and earnestly in direct opposition to personal conviction, is a height of manliness seldom attained. If we were to imagine the Duke in this case to be individually desirous of having the statue to look upon (which, of course, is far beneath possibility), or to have formed a personal opinion in favour of the present site artistically (which is exceedingly unlikely), it would be but his own spirit to set himself against his own opinion cheerfully in obedience to the public voice. A step farther, and he will say the influential word against the position of the sub-committee: and the advance is surely counter balanced by the fact (if we may assume it) that that which is opposed to the public voice is not even the opinion of the sub-committee themselves, so much as their jealousy of the semblance of disrespect to him. The sub-committee become identified with him. If they yield, they yield not themselves but Him. Therefore, he may speak.

But, says the Duke, in this I am a dead man. Very well; I will bring against the Duke my friend the Doctor. And lest I should be twitted by him (as frequently happens) with the spiritlessness of my translations of his language ("doubtless metaphrastical, dear friend of mine, yet much lacking the vigorousness of mine intentions"), I must give the Dr.'s opinion in the Dr.'s words. "The Duke," says he, "I should engage in this wise. O my friend, Duke Wellington, I am told of thee that thou art an exceeding sensible person. The which, likewise, I am able to believe. (Which is

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